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CAMPING-OUT.

OF five years which I recently spent in India, some of the pleasantest reminiscences are those connected with camp-life. It is true that never having had the good fortune to go on active service, I cannot claim to have seen the most exciting description of existence under canvas; but of nearly every other kind of camping-out I have had, at anyrate so far as India is concerned, full and pleasant experience. Once, indeed, I was lucky enough to be placed in charge of a very large camp—that, namely, in which His Excellency the Commander-in-chief, accompanied by the principal officers and offices of the Army Headquarters Staff, made his winter tour some two or three years ago. That was a very grand affair, everything in the way of tentage, transport, and so forth being *double*, so as to allow an empty camp to be always ready for occupation one march ahead. This is the essence of comfort in marching, especially in India, where it is anything but pleasant, after a long ride or trudge, to have to wait perhaps hours in a blazing sun until one's tents come up from the last camping-ground. Then, again, all the tents belonged in this instance to a camp equipage specially kept up by the government of India for the commander-in-chief's use; everything was consequently on a most liberal scale. His Excellency himself was accommodated in a truly royal fashion, his camp equipage being very different from the English military officer's bell-shaped tabernacle, or from the flimsy structures which holiday-seekers consider sufficient accompaniments to a river-trip. At each camping-ground, he found waiting for him two enormous piles of canvas, connected by a passage, and fronted by an awning. Each of these two great tents, which were duly carpeted and furnished throughout, were divided into three good-sized apartments; and the canvas, poles, and ropes weighed about five tons. In rear was a space inclosed by canvas walls, in one corner of which was a kitchen tent; while outside was to be found a

stable tent, a luxury seldom met with even in India. This collection of canvas dwellings, duly guarded by sentries, stood at the head of a long street, on each side of which were ranged the tents of the staff, their offices, servants, &c. The entire central camp, again, was flanked by the smaller camps of a squadron of cavalry and a wing of infantry, forming His Excellency's escort.

The above could not, of course, be compared with a large standing camp such as that in which, last year, the Viceroy of India received the Amir of Afghanistan at Rawal Pindi; but for a flying-camp it was of highly respectable dimensions. Indeed—irrespective of the escort—some fifty elephants, two hundred camels, and a number of country carts were required to keep it in motion; while for pitching and striking the tents, we had quite a regiment of *khalassis*, a race of natives who live about Oudh and Fyzabad, and are particularly clever at this kind of work. In working the machinery of the camp, the chief difficulty was to dispose the tents day after day according to a 'sealed pattern,' deviations from which had to be avoided as far as was absolutely possible. The country traversed was somewhat a rough one, and the camping-grounds none of the best; but the *khalassis* were wonderfully skilful; and the regularity with which, sometimes almost in the jungle, this mass of canvas was run up in a few hours, with spaces correctly left and tent-pegs aligned with the utmost accuracy, amazed me greatly, even though I was so fully behind the scenes. As to the manner of marching between camps, every one besides the escort and myself and subordinates, seemed to take things very comfortably. A cup of tea in the early morning, a ride of perhaps a dozen miles, with generally some shooting *en route*, breakfast in the next camp, and then to the duties or pleasures of the day. I may mention that the camp was duly accompanied by a travelling post-office, so that, although we were going straight across country, there was a regular delivery of letters, and official work could be carried on just as easily

as in a station. As regards amusement, there was almost always shooting to be had, especially with small game; and in the evening, occasional lawn-tennis, a court being improvised during the day, to the music of a band which accompanied the escort. At large military stations, His Excellency held levees; and at several native towns he exchanged visits with local rajahs, the tatterdemalion escorts of the latter contrasting poorly with the trim, well-mounted troopers who pranced behind the chief.

For myself, of course, the *dolce far niente* was well-nigh impossible; but on the whole I had, as the Americans say, 'a very good time.' As officer in charge, I had daily to go on in advance, leaving the existing camp as a rule about two P.M., and having a pretty hot march in consequence. Arrived at the next camping-ground, I marked out, with the help of an advance-party detailed for that purpose, the new camp, arranging, if necessary, for a small road to connect the entrance with the main route. The supplies were then inspected; and as the tents came up, they were rapidly unloaded and pitched. The majority were generally ready in a few hours; but the commander-in-chief's tents took all night to erect and arrange. I usually waited until the *khalassis* had upreared the big poles, which they always did to the accompaniment of a tremendous pean, and then I turned in, arising early next morning to see the finishing touches put, and always being careful to see the flagstaff properly set in front of His Excellency's tent, the flag to be run up the moment he entered the ground.

As a rule, the work went very smoothly, owing to the skill, experience, and energy of my subordinates; but of course there were hitches, which we took good care to keep well out of sight. On one occasion, the ridge-pole of a huge tent snapped in two on the march, and it was only by the most curious and elaborate splicing that the tent could be pitched at all that evening. Then, again, while swimming some elephants across a river, we nearly lost one foolish monster, which persisted in going down stream until the commissariat warrant officer and I, who were following him in a boat, quite gave him up as lost. We called him bad names; we even stuck spears into him, but to no purpose; the wretched brute seemed bent upon going down to the sea. Suddenly, to our relief, he turned, and reached the opposite bank, his flanks distended with the water he had swallowed, and his head lacerated with the blows which his driver had laid on with the *ankas*, the iron crook which mahouts, or elephant-drivers, have used since the days of Alexander. On a third occasion, the camping-ground was terribly lumpy, and it became necessary to level a hillock of quite a respectable altitude. This seemed at first a wild impossibility; but the local headman turned out the entire village, men, women, and children with shovels and baskets, and the thing

was managed somehow. I remember that camp very well, for on the same evening I received a note from one of the staff in the camp I had left, 'suggesting' that, as a scratch race-meeting would be very good fun, a racecourse should be prepared forthwith. Fancy preparing a racecourse in about four hours of daylight! Luckily, the ground was so manifestly unsuitable, that I escaped any very severe censure for my unseemly neglect of orders.

To cut a long story short—the march passed off very well; and as an instance of 'camping-out' in style, was a most interesting experience to a junior officer like myself. A curious contrast it was to marching with one's regiment, where one's sole accommodation is a 'Kabul' tent with little room in it for anything besides a camp-bed, the entire canvas, ropes, poles, and pegs weighing but eighty pounds. However, even in these circumstances a march has many pleasant features, if only as a relief to the weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable life of cantonments. The chief discomfort, perhaps, lies in the very early hour at which operations have to be commenced. The 'rouse' bugle as a rule is sounded about four A.M.; and shortly afterwards the sleepy officer is awakened by his servant bearing a lamp in one hand, and a cup of tea or cocoa in the other. At the time of year when regiments in India are marching in course of relief, it is bitterly cold, and dressing is not an inspiring process. About half-past four you issue shivering from your tent, and proceed to where the men of your company are loading elephants, camels, mules, or pack-bullocks with their camp equipage and kits. The scene is a busy and picturesque one, for all the light at this early hour is derived from torches and blazing fires, and the confusion seems indefinite. At about ten minutes to five, however, the loading is completed; the 'fall-in' is sounded; and punctually at five away goes the regiment as merrily as the darkness and the occasional eccentricities of the road will allow. After the first half-hour, a short halt is called; and thenceforward halts of five minutes in every hour, not including the long 'coffee halt,' usually at about six miles from the last camp. During the coffee halt, every one has coffee or tea and biscuits, the day having by this time broken; and when once more the regiment moves off, the band strikes up, and the brass instruments take turn about with the drums and fifes until the next camp is reached. Here the regiment finds the camp already marked out by the camp colour-party sent on the night before for that purpose. In a very short time the camp is fully pitched; a general toilet follows, and a most welcome breakfast; and then, possibly some shooting, lunch, a stroll, an early dinner in the big mess tent, a chat round a camp-fire, and bed. Not a very exciting existence, but a very sociable and eminently healthy one. For, although—except when the regiment is marching 'at attention,' or when carrying the colours—infantry officers are generally allowed to mount their ponies on the march, this privilege is seldom taken advantage of, and the daily trudge

of twelve or fifteen miles has a decidedly good effect.

Camping-out in the hills is a very pleasant method of spending at least part of the two months' leave to which every officer in India is, if he can be spared, entitled. The scenery on these trips is generally of the most magnificent order, and the vegetation occasionally luxuriant and extremely beautiful. At a height of perhaps eight thousand feet above the sea-level, grand forests of evergreen oak are to be found, and green glades which would do credit to an English park. The creepers and ferns often baffle description, the maiden-hair growing in almost rank profusion. But a march in the hills, to be enjoyed, must be made leisurely, and sufficient supplies have to be taken from the starting-place, to supplement the scanty provender obtainable from the rude villages of the hill-men. Transport-animals are, as a rule, inadmissible, owing to the rudimentary state of the footpaths; but human substitutes are always available, and generally trustworthy and efficient. But camping-out in the hills has been so admirably described by Mr Andrew Wilson in his *Abode of Snow*, a book too well known to require recommendation, that any personal reminiscences would probably fall very flat.

To many minds, the most delightful of all forms of camp-life, even putting the question of sport on one side, is an expedition into the jungle after big game at the end of the cold weather. For it must not be supposed that because the cantonment, with its dusty roads and heat-collecting walls, is at this time of year becoming almost intolerable, the jungle is equally so. In the deep silent recesses of the jungle it may not be actually cool; but with tents pitched in a bosky grove, and with the distraction of constant occupation when in the open, the heat can well be borne. At the beginning of the hot weather, too, many of the jungle trees are looking, if not their best, at anyrate passing well. The comprehensive banyan as depicted in many a child's picture-book; the grateful mango, the jungle fruit of which, however, savours too much of turpentine to be palatable; the *mhova*, with its thick sun-resisting foliage, and heavily scented white blossoms, on the distilled essence of which myriads of natives are perpetually drunk; above all, the sacred pipal, with glossy leaves, finely pointed like those of the vine—all these, and many more, with flowers, some fruits, fantastic creepers, and overflowing undergrowth, put on bright dresses to welcome the refugee from the orderly-room and the court. Of animal life, at first sight, the presence is not so conspicuous; but when a beat takes place, the latent profusion speedily bursts forth; and from nooks and crannies, startled by the harsh cries and the resounding *aves* of the beaters, come forth sometimes enough birds and beasts to stock a menagerie. Usually the first to herald the commencement of a beat, skurries forth the peacock, followed, maybe, by a scampering gray boar, or a hare, or a fretful porcupine. Sometimes a great body is heard crashing through the thicket, and out trots a shaggy stag with branching antlers—the *sambhar*, from whose yellow-tanned hide indifferent good shooting-gaiters are to be made. He stands for a moment all but motionless, and

it would be easy to roll him over in his tracks. But if it be a beat for tiger, the finger must rest motionless on the trigger until the monarch himself appears, sullen at this ignoble disturbance of his siesta.

The routine of a shooting expedition in the Indian jungle has been often and well described by sporting littérateurs. But there is perhaps room still left for a series of loving sketches of the inner life of the jungle, with its countless wonders of flora and fauna, its strange sounds, its differences from any other form of existence. Sitting up even at night in the midst of some great forest, like that, for instance, which clothes a large part of the Central Provinces, and listening to the innumerable forest-voices all around—the chirrup of the cicala, the dull sonorous call of the tiger to his mate, with interruptions of a peculiarly resonant bird-note, the exact counterpart of the noise made by a stone flung along the ice—hearing all this in the jungle gloom, one sometimes thinks with fond audacity that it would be worth attempting a sympathetic description of this sequestered life. But as 'the vision of dawn is leisure,' and 'the truth of day is toil,' so the pleasures of camping-out fade in the return to the cares and distraction of work. From the little tent in the mango-grove, the sportsman returns to the office desk or the parade-ground. The poetry of the jungle is succeeded by the prose of evidence or drill, and the pen from which so much careful observation coupled with graceful fancy and romantic imagery should have flowed, is devoted to the production of sterner stuff, or lies idle and corroded, an inglorious companion of the dried-up inkpot.

RICHARD CABLE,

THE LIGHTSHIPMAN.

CHAPTER XVII.—AS THE HARE RAN.

RICHARD CABLE entered his cottage quietly; his mother was engaged with the children, preparing them for bed. Six little white things sat side by side in their nightshirts, with their small feet hanging down, on the bedside, their yellow hair combed out, wet, and spread over their shoulders. Mrs Cable was washing the baby, who was quite naked; and she had a thick towel, and was rubbing the little head, and working the short hair into curls by doing so. The baby did not mind the water or the towel; but the towel had a fringe, and the tiny fingers tried to catch the fringe and pull it out, with a view, doubtless, to ultimately eating it.

Over the bed was cast a blue-and-white check coverlet; and the walls were whitewashed. There were white valance and curtains to the small window. Above the bed was a coloured chromolithograph of Christ blessing little children; and under that, a photograph of Polly, the mother of the seven.

'There is your father,' said Bessie Cable; 'say your prayers to him.—Now—not all of you at once off the bed.—Sit still, Effie and Jane; take care of Lettice and Susie; they will tumble.—

Mary first; only the twins shall say their prayers together, because they are twins.'

So Mary, as the eldest, descended from the bed and came over the floor, her little feet, still wet, printing themselves on the deal-boards. She knelt down at her father's knees as he sat on a low chair, and began her prayers. He removed his hat, and as the golden evening light poured into his face through the window, he put his hand over his eyes. Then, when Mary had done, she stood up, kissed her father, and scrambled on to the bed again; whilst Effie and Jane slid down and knelt, one at the right foot, the other at the left, of their father and closed their little hands on his knees.

When all had done but the baby, then there were six of the prettiest little heads laid on white pillows in one bed, three at head, and three at foot, all with twinkling blue eyes and smiling lips and golden hair. Then Richard, with his great rough hand, smoothed the sheet, turned down at top under all the little chins, and stood and looked at them.

'Do you know,' said he, 'that here on this flat Essex coast in spring the seabirds come and make their nests in the marshes and on the saltings? Now, if there were to be high tides then, the poor little fledglings would be drowned, and the parent birds would fly about screaming, broken-hearted, unable to do anything for their young. But God thinks of the seabirds, and in spring on this coast, He sends us the *bird-tides*—that is, very low tides—all the while the little ones are in the nests and unable to escape. When your father was in the storm, and his boat broke from her anchors and was swept away and wrecked, he was not drowned. God thought of the little birds in their downy nest, and spared him for their sakes. There are bird-tides to men as there are to feathered fowl.—Now, go to sleep.'

His mother said: 'Dick! do look how baby has torn out my gray hair!'

He took the child, and spread out the tiny hand in his own great palm and sat studying it. The infant was quite happy on her father's knee, feeling one strong arm about her.

'What is it, Dick?' asked Mrs Cable.

'Nothing,' he replied; 'only, I was looking at the little mite of a hand, and thinking if there were not bird-tides to us, these tiny fingers and delicate little bones would never come to be great and strong and hard as mine.'

'I wish you'd take the bath down for me,' said Mrs Cable. 'It's heavier than I can carry.'

'I'll give the soapy water to the young lettuce and broccoli—it will keep away the slugs,' said Richard.

Then he went down the few steps into the basement, holding the wooden tub, blue-painted, half-full of soapy water, in which his seven little children had been bathed. It was not easy to carry it down without spilling the contents in splashes on the stair; but Dick Cable was steady and sure-footed, as a sailor need be, and not a drop was upset. Then he went out with the tub into the garden and set it down near the bed of young plants that were to be soured with

it. He returned to the kitchen for a bowl wherewith to ladle the water out, and found a tin one with a wooden handle. He knelt down by the tub and dipped the bowl. The sun was set—set to the garden; but some of the light still caught the willow trees, and the dancing leaves were as of gold against the blue sky. He scattered the soapy water over the bed of seedlings; then he paused, kneeling on one knee, resting the bowl on the ground, and lapsed into thought. His face was troubled; usually open as the day, a cloud was on it now, a cloud that would not disperse. From far away, the mutter of the sea could be heard as the waves broke upon the clay banks; it formed a pleasant murmur, a low bass tune, whilst in the wind the twinkling willow leaves whispered falsetto. He dipped the bowl again and distributed some more soapy water.

The evening was very still. A dog was barking on a farm, perhaps a couple of miles away. Mosquitoes began to hum about his ears. He paid them no heed; they would not molest him.

Presently his mother came out and surprised him, when he had not half emptied the tub. 'What, Dick! Not done this yet?'

'I must not pour it all at once on the bed, but let it sop in little by little.'

'Dick, what is the matter with you?'

'With me, mother?' He turned his head and looked up at her; he, still kneeling, she standing behind him.

'Yes, Dick. There is something. You've been more silent and thoughtful of late; and when you've taken the baby of nights, when fractious, and walked up and down trying to soothe it, you've not sung *There's Grog in the Captain's Cabin—Water down below*, as you always used, but another tune altogether, that has no words to it.'

'I suppose I tired of the old song,' he said, smiling.

'And—in the Bay of Biscay, O! you have not sung that,' she said.

'I'm tired of that also, perhaps.'

'But the new song has no words to it.—What is the matter with you, Dick?'

'Mother,' he answered gravely, 'I'll tell you straight out. For the first time in my life, I don't see my way plain before me. That is it.'

'What has come to obscure it, Dick?'

'Mother, do you know that Miss Cornellis has given me a ship—that which has been building of late in Grimes' yard; and she has called it after herself, the *Josephine*?'

'Well?' Mrs Cable asked with a catch in her breath.

'And I don't know whether I ought to have accepted her, and I don't see how I could have refused; and I'm puzzled altogether—I am.'

'Why do you think you ought not to have accepted the boat?' asked his mother, looking intently at him.

He hastily ladled out some more soapy water. 'That's not so easy to answer,' he said, and considered again.

'Dick, you've been thinking a good deal of late of this Miss Josephine.'

'Yes, mother, I have; I could not help it.'

'You should have fought against the thought.'

'I do not know that. She seems to me to be just as I seed her that night of the storm, tossing

and distracted, not knowing whither she is going, or how to row.'

'She's nothing to you. You are not her captain.'

He started; he remembered the words addressed to him when he was offered the boat. 'I'm troubled about her, mother.'

'But you can do nought for her.'

He did not answer at once; he threw out some more soapy water. 'If I could help her, and she called me to help her, I would be bound to do my best.—Mother, what would you think of the captain who in a gale o' wind saw another vessel in distress, signalling, and were to go on his course and give no heed? Nelson, when he was engaged in a naval battle, was told that his admiral had signalled to retreat. Then Nelson turned his blind eye in that direction, and vowed he could not see the summons to run away. But, mother, you would have me clap a blind eye to the quarter whence a poor little drifting, helmless, water-logged craft is appealing for help. 'Tain't seamanship that, mother.' Then he laid aside the bowl, but remained kneeling, looking down into the tub of soapy water, where two bubbles were floating, and he watched these bubbles curiously, as though their course concerned him. One was a large bubble, the other small; the water was in vibration, and they swung from side to side; but also, as it had a circular motion, they floated near each other, and the little one drew towards the great bubble, and the great one seemed about to take the small one in tow—no—at one moment as if they would coalesce in one. He was wonderfully taken up with these soap-bubbles. His mother stood by looking at him, and he looked at these globes.

'My dear Dick,' said Mrs Cable, 'you're deceiving of your own self. You think you're acting out of pure charity, and it's no such thing. There's something more than charity in your heart—there is love.'

He made no answer; he was engrossed in the course of those bubbles; they were riding side by side, swinging round the tub.

'It is of no use, Dick. You've heard what the sailors tell of the spirit-ship; all white-painted, with white sails and gilded prow, crowding by in the moonlight. When she is hailed, she makes no answer; and when you are drawn on, all at once you are on a rock or a sandbank, and the spirit-ship has disappeared. She is this ship. She is very beautiful and strange, and an altogether unknown and un-understood craft to the likes of you. She belongs to another world to yours—and woe betide you if you follow her! She will lead you to your ruin. The sailors say that there are troubled souls in the spirit-ship that will find no rest till she is brought into port and to anchor. But what are you, to board her and take the helm and conduct her? That is not for you—for such as you. It won't do. The spirits must man and guide the spirit-ship, and the mortals keep their distance.'

Then Richard Cable, still following the bubbles, put his finger to them, to insist on their uniting; and instantly they burst, and no trace remained.

'Dick,' continued his mother, 'it is all folly. She is a born lady, with a fortune and education, and gentle belongings and tastes and cultivated thoughts; and you're nought but a common

sailor lad, with no money and no learning, and only a vulgar mother, and seven little children.'

He seized his mother's hand and kissed it, when she said—a vulgar mother. She took no notice, but went on: 'Seven little children, all exacting, and needing much forethought and patience to rear them aright.—Now, how can you think it possible that such a one as Miss Josephine Cornellis should stoop so low as to you?'

'I do not think it,' he said hastily; 'I never have dared to think it possible. I would not ask it. But I cannot help myself. I must do what I can for her when she comes in her pleading way to me. She has no thought of me, nor I of her, other than as one vessel at sea signals to another, and that other makes towards her. Mother, when that is so, there is no thought of lashing the two together.'

'If the two vessels were so lashed, what would happen?'

'If the sea were rough, they'd sink each other, of course.'

'They'd sink each other, of course,' repeated Mrs Cable. 'Remember that, Dick, and don't go too near her, nor let her come too near you. Keep a wide berth between you.'

'Mother,' said he, with his fingers in the soapy water, 'what am I to do about that boat she's given me?' Then he wrote, with his finger in the water, the name 'Josephine.'

'I do not know. I must consider. You will give up lightship work if you keep her.'

'Can I refuse her?'

'If you mind to stick to your present line of life, you can make that an excuse.'

'But I should hurt her, were I to refuse.'

'It may hurt her if you keep the boat. Folks will talk.'

'I might let the craft out and bide on in the Hanford port service myself as lightshipman.'

'It is a bad job either way. I wish you'd never come across Miss Cornellis.'

Richard shook his head. 'She was brought to me; I did not seek her. I was looking away to land over the dark frothing sea, to the belt of willows, thinking of my babes and of you, mother, when all at once I saw her, and that she needed help.'

'And she drew you away in thought from them and from me?'

Again he shook his head. 'They are never out of my heart. Mother, it's just like this house; sometimes the children are singing and laughing in it, and sometimes they're coiled up and asleep. If I'm still at any moment, I think I can hear them all seven breathing, deep in me; and whilst I wait, I see their eyes open and smile at me. They are always there, but not always chirping.'

'And now you've let a young cuckoo in who will kick your own out.'

'That is not possible,' answered Richard Cable. 'If the Lord bade the cuckoo egg be laid, and the young cuckoo be reared in the same nest with the yellowhammers, is it for the parent bird and nest-builder to kick out the egg? The one heart can warm them all.'

'I wish to heaven you'd never seen anything of her! I can't wish she were drowned, but anything short of that; and I wish you'd not been

called in to save her, and contract an acquaintance which will do you mischief, and no good.'

'I did not seek it. I keep away from her now as much as ever I can; but it comes over me that she is sent to me, or perhaps that I'm called to pilot her. I cannot help myself. I do my duty up to my light. In past times, there was no difficulty in seeing my way, and now there is—it begins to be not so plain. There's something disturbing the compass, and what that is, I cannot tell; but I'll get my bearings all right again shortly, never fear.'

'Dick,' said his mother, 'I've never spoken to you of your father, because it is no pleasure to either of us to think of him. He was a gentleman. I, a poor girl, an orphan. I was ignorant, and I thought, like you, that I could be a help and comfort to him. I found out my error too late. He was false and treacherous, and forsook me and you. All seemed to me right and simple before I took him: I could be of use to him in a thousand ways such as no lady could; and he was a man that needed me and all my little acquirements, homely as they were. But when we were married, then we found out that we did not agree together; he had his ways, and I mine; he was out of heart at once, and left me. You're making the same mistake that I did. Do you suppose that the ostrich and the eagle think alike and have the same tastes? Why, the eagle is all for flying, and the ostrich for running; and the latter hides his head in the sand, and the other looks the sun full in the face without blinking. They see differently, think differently, have different pursuits. No, no, Richard. Miss Cornellis is a soaring, bold, and beautiful eagle; and you're nothing but an ungainly ostrich. Though I'm your mother, I say it.'

Then Richard laughed and stood up, holding the tub in both hands, and as he laughed, the soapy water danced and splashed in the tub. He took it to the head of the sloping bed, and tilted it on one side, and allowed the water to run down the furrows between the young plants, not quickly, but slowly, that it might sink in.

The evening had closed, but there was light in the sky, that beautiful pearly twilight which makes the June nights an echo of the day. As he was thus tilting the bath, he heard a cry, upset the rest of the water, sprang up the bank, and looked in the direction whence he heard it. In another moment he was over the bank. He had seen some one—a girl—Josephine in the channel, running in the shallow water, seawards, with extended arms; then he saw her fall, then pick herself up and run on. He pursued her. In that pebble-floored channel, the water deepened, the cold wavelets ran in from the open sea; if any one went on far enough, that person would be soon out of depth, between the clay banks, up which there was no climbing. The water was already deep; it was above her knees; she could no longer run; she threw herself down in the waves, and was at once caught and drawn out and held up by Cable.

'Miss Cornellis—Miss Josephine!—what is it?'

She uttered another cry; she could not speak; but she put her arms round his neck and clung to him; and he carried her back, wading in

the water, till he came to the seawall; then he crossed his plank bridge, and bore her into the cottage. As the hare had run a few hours before—poor fool—so had she.

THE JACKAROO.

As many of our readers may be already aware, the above is the invariable local name, or rather nickname, given to those young men who are sent out to the Australian colonies from almost every part of the United Kingdom in order to learn sheep or cattle farming—generally the former—as carried on at the antipodes; in other words, to serve an apprenticeship to the remunerative business which has become, by a curious distortion of its original meaning, universally known as squatting. As might be expected, these consignments—for it is in that character that the majority arrive—from the mother-land vary widely in rank, education, and means. For instance, we have the scion of some wealthy and noble family who comes, not with any serious idea of acquiring knowledge of the business, but simply because he wants a change for a year or so—perhaps from the strain of fast London life, or it may be from over-study at school or college. More generally, though, the first of these reasons is the correct one; and after a few months of healthy bush-life, finding himself completely restored, the gilded youth begins to feel terribly dull, and departs.

Again, we have the sons of respectable middle-class people, mostly from the English counties, who come out accredited to good stock and station business houses, by whom they are, as opportunity offers, placed on stations as Jackaroos, or colonial-experience men, sometimes at a small premium, which, however, is almost always returned as wages. These young men—many of them scarcely out of their teens—have in many cases already tried their hand at something in England—as medical students, clerks, surveyors, &c.; and finding that it was either the old story of the square peg in the round hole over again, or thinking, perhaps, that they could do better at a new business in a new land, have prevailed upon their friends to give them a fresh start. Many of this class turn out good men. They find that bush-life agrees with them, take an interest in their occupation, and in time become overseers, managers, and eventually—aided of course by home friends—may own a station or two of their own.

As for the irretrievably scampish family disgrace, the black-sheep, whose relations seem to imagine that Australia, of all places, is the one fitted up by Providence specially for the reception of their incubus—he generally goes to the dogs there as fast as if he had remained at home, although a few instances have happened in which the expatriation of the *mauvais sujet* turned out for the best, spite of strenuous efforts to the contrary on his own side. A case of the kind once came under the writer's notice, and is well worthy of brief relation.

Some years ago, a young fellow, the only son of very well-to-do people in England, came out duly accredited to an unsuspecting and very wealthy uncle, a squatter, whose property was situated in what at that period was a far out

and unsettled district in Northern Queensland. At home, they had been able to do nothing with him. Fairly incorrigible, he broke his mother's heart, and was a source of enduring shame and vexation to his father and to his other relatives, till at last, in a lucky moment, they were enabled sternly and peremptorily to call upon him to make a choice between an enforced sojourn at Portland in one of Her Majesty's establishments, or to take a voluntary and prolonged trip to the antipodes.

His career in the colony was but a repetition of his English one; and finally, his uncle, tired out and disgusted, refused to have anything more to do with him, or to recognise their relationship any longer, at the same time writing to the young man's father strongly deprecating the remitting of any more money to his graceless son, whose name was fast becoming a byword for vice and dissipation from one end of Queensland to the other.

So time passed; and at length, finding supplies altogether stopped, young H— completely threw off all semblance of civilisation, and joining a powerful tribe of aborigines, took unto himself a partner from amongst the dark daughters of the soil, and became in all respects as one of themselves. Two years elapsed, during which time the squatters' sheep and cattle had been repeatedly stolen and speared, and despite the vigilant watch of native troopers, the depredators had, with singular skill and audacity, succeeded in eluding capture. At length, one cool, gray, spring dawn, as the marauders were stealthily driving away a mob of choice fat bullocks, the troopers came upon them. Led by their chief, who carried firearms, and contrary to their usual custom, the thieves offered a desperate resistance to the furious onslaught of the black police, who, when engaged in the work of destroying their own kind, become very demons. Shot through the neck and chest, their leader at last fell, and the scant remnant of his men made the best of their way into the desert.

Mr —, who happened to be with the troopers, soon recognised, in the dark features of the apparent savage who lay bleeding to death on the thick salt bush, the face of his sister's son, and had him carried carefully to the station, where, after many weary months of illness, he arose from his sick-bed a changed man, one truly with 'a broken and a contrite heart;' served as manager with his uncle till the latter's death, many years afterwards; and then, inheriting all the great estates of which he had for so long been the general superintendent, he became the wealthiest as well as one of the most respected and popular landholders in the colony.

From two classes, or perhaps, more correctly, nationalities, are drawn chiefly the capable and intelligent men who fill these positions of trust, difficulty, and oftentimes great danger, in the 'Land of the Golden Fleece,' and of these, first in order comes the native-born Australasian, then the Scotchman. The former, most likely, if not himself related to pastoralists, has friends who are connected in some way with the paramount interest of the country, and from his earliest youth has been accustomed to hear that interest spoken of in some form or other—sheep, cattle, wool, hides, &c. Station-life, therefore, seems

to him his natural goal, and he takes to it kindly, feels an interest in everything he does, works hard amongst and for the animals themselves; and in time, with a little help from kindly pastoral relatives or friends, perhaps, but very rarely totally unaided, he passes the initiatory stages of jackaroo and overseer, to manager of a small station, at a salary of from one to two hundred pounds a year. If, however, he should be lucky enough to have both interest and ability, it is quite probable that he may very rapidly obtain the highest prize on the managerial list, worth, say, twelve hundred pounds per annum. Generally, though, the small station is the preliminary training for the more important post with its multifarious duties and responsibilities, and in which, especially in these days of almost aggressive free selection, an apparently immaterial error of judgment may in the long-run work nearly irreparable damage and loss. Of course it goes without saying that a man to be a successful manager of a pastoral property should know almost everything that there is to be known about stock, their capabilities, and those of the particular country under his charge. Of old, that was about sufficient; but nowadays, in addition, the modern manager must, if he aspire any higher than a four-mile block and five or six thousand sheep, be a bit of a lawyer, and a bit of a land-agent as well; he should have the Old and New Land Acts with all their amendments at his fingers' ends, and the Impounding Act by heart. An inkling, however slight, of the surveyor's craft will be wonderfully handy at times; and if he has a little practical knowledge of steam as applied to vertical and horizontal engines, he will find that its possession will make an appreciable difference in his salary. Irrigation and the construction of silos are subjects beginning to play an important part in station management, and the more a man knows practically about these things the higher value will his services command.

As for the young Scotchman, then, who has pastoral friends or relatives in some part or other of the Australia, he will find them willing to give him on his arrival a chance to show what he is made of; for they will probably pack him off 'up-country' as a 'colonial-experience,' giving him from thirty to thirty-five pounds a year to start with. The youngster rarely has much money in his pockets when he lands, and this is his one chance. As a rule, with characteristic plodding perseverance, he rises, differing from the colonial in that, when once at the top of the tree, he is even then not satisfied: he is managing a station only—he must own one; and, truth to say, he generally ends by so doing, sometimes half a dozen. Educational superiority will be found to lie with the new-chum; and for a time at least, practical experience with the native.

It is safe to say that in Australia proper, sixty per cent. of station-managers are either Scotchmen or natives, whilst in New Zealand, the former, both as managers and owners, exceed far and away every other nationality. Of course, the process of serving a pastoral apprenticeship varies greatly. There are, for instance, stations whose owners make a speciality of taking colonial-

experience men only on payment of a handsome premium, and who have nominally in their service at times as many as eight or ten young fellows, who have a large and handsomely furnished house to themselves, with a couple or three servants, grooms, &c. But these are mostly sons of wealthy people, and they do not go in for the thing in earnest, indeed have no necessity to do so, and simply pick up as much as is absolutely necessary for the possible absentee owner *in futuro* to know. They do pretty much as they like, come and go when they please, and are to all intents and purposes independent.

These, however, are exceptional establishments. The average jackaroo on the average station is a very different species. He lives certainly with a fair degree of comfort, but also without the slightest approach to luxury. His 'barracks' are as to the walls innocent of aught but whitewash; as to the floor, bare boards. A few stools, a rickety chair or two, and a table, constitute the furniture of this common dining and sitting room, out of which doors open into small bedrooms, furnished in accordance with the ideas of their several owners whose sanctums they are, the one place of all where the jackaroo can 'sport his oak' and bid defiance to intruders. On most stations, the 'bachelors' hall' or 'barracks' is a large cottage built of slabs or weatherboards; and here dwell perhaps four or five young men, who receive from thirty-five to forty pounds a year, with a stated allowance of rations—an allowance, however, generally so plentiful as to make the term, in a restricted sense at least, a misnomer.

If a new-comer, after the first twelve months' experience, shows himself of any use at all, he will probably find his salary raised to fifty-two pounds a year; though at that figure, unless he has influence or is very exceptionally smart, he may remain. If a vacancy occurs amongst the overseers, the manager naturally looks through his young aides to see if one of them is capable of taking the position, before going further afield for a successor; and generally the best man gets the billet, worth from eighty to eighty-five pounds per annum. The station finds the jackaroos' mess a cook, as it would be sheer loss of time and provisions to let them dress their own food. Many owners also allow a liberal quantity of 'extras' to find their way from the station store to the messroom table; others, but in very rare instances, allow nothing but 'dry rations,' namely, tea, flour, sugar, and meat—any little luxuries, such as jam, butter, &c. having to be paid for out of their own pockets.

Wonderfully hard do they work at certain seasons of the year, getting through at those times most of the active outdoor duties of a large sheepstation; up, in shearing-time, long before day-break, into the saddle as the first gray streak opens out over the eastern horizon, and by sunrise, miles away, mustering distant paddocks in the cool of early morning for the flocks which must be at the great shearing-shed ere nightfall. Should the sheep prove stubborn—and very often such is the case—or the weather uncommonly hot, it may be midnight before the weary jackaroo, hoarse with shouting, coated with dust and perspiration—himself and horse, in fact, knocked out of time

altogether—regains headquarters, and quite possibly he has to make a 'camp-out' of it all the night with his charges.

When there is no especial press of work, things of course ease off, and cricket, football, &c. receive a due share of attention, some stations boasting crack Elevens and Fifteens to do battle against those of neighbouring properties and townships; and in the long winter evenings there are many worse places than the 'barracks,' with its blazing fire of huge myall logs, as it oftentimes echoes to merry jest and laugh and song and the musical screech of the omnipresent concertina. The one of longest standing and experience, possibly in age the youngest amongst them, takes the lead, receiving his orders from the overseer, who has his from the manager himself. Overseers and colonial-experience men sometimes mess together; but in many cases, the former, together with the accountant, have separate quarters, and it is rarely that there is more than one overseer or at the most two overseers at the head station, the others being placed on outlying portions of the run.

We are, and have been, speaking of a holding, say, of three hundred thousand acres or so, and carrying one hundred and fifty thousand or more sheep. On smaller establishments, it is true a solitary jackaroo may perhaps be found; but, as a rule, it is only on the great properties, many of them with a world-wide reputation, that a number of young men are to be seen systematically going to work to obtain a thoroughly practical knowledge of the business.

A very noticeable and noteworthy feature of these small communities—and the writer has had no little experience of them—is an absence of all desire to torment or bully the new chum, be he ever so green, who joins their mess, granted, of course, that he behaves himself and does not put too much 'side' on, so as to make himself generally disagreeable. Take them as a whole, a more manly, generous, and kindhearted set of young fellows than are the jackaroos of Australia it would be impossible to find.

As to the relation in which the subject of our sketch stands to the rest of the station employees—after a time, and as he gradually gains experience, he is invested with a little authority—not much, certainly, but in such measure that he may, if he observe anything going wrong, or imagine that he does, take on himself to rectify it to the best of his ability, and in such a case can call upon others to do his bidding, and he will be obeyed without question. He sometimes makes mistakes, errors of judgment; but almost invariably, such are leniently dealt with by the powers that be, if even they, as at times happens, result in loss of property. 'I'd sooner see one of my youngsters attempt to use his own judgment in a pinch, even if it cost me money out of pocket every time he did so!' I once heard a well-known and popular manager of one of the largest stations in the colony exclaim.

The jackaroo, then, is treated with respect by the station hands, and is invariably addressed as Mr So-and-so. In his hours of leisure he has the entrée to what society there may be around; at neighbouring squatters, and the best houses of country townships, in which—doffing the dusty and often dilapidated moleskin pants,

cotton shirt, and shapeless felt sombrero of work-a-day wear; and laying aside for a while leggings, whip, and spurs—he, attired in the garments of sartorial civilisation, is ever a welcome guest; and although employed in all kinds of manual labour, at times both hard and eminently disagreeable, he never on that account, amongst the veriest snobs—and even in remote bush society are such to be found—loses his status of gentleman.

Although the new-comer may not guess it, the manager himself directs the manner of his 'breaking-in;' and although he may never be aware of it, his actions are watched, and the quantity and quality of his small work, when completed, are as closely inspected, and as duly reported upon at headquarters, as if of the uttermost importance. Not that this is done with any hostile feeling—far from it. The executive simply wish to find out what sort of material they have to deal with; they want to ascertain if it is stuff that is worth trouble to tend and cultivate, or whether it will pay them better to leave it alone and to waste neither time nor trouble over.

If the jackaroo is already able to ride, so much the better; he will simply have to shorten his stirrup-leathers, get accustomed to the rather clumsy-looking but most indispensable knee-pads of the colonial saddle, and perhaps cling tighter to the pignskin than he could have imagined possible in the old English days, should at any time his evil star lead him to think that he is fit to tackle a 'buck-jumper.' If ignorant of horsemanship, he is after a while handed over to the head-stockman, who chooses him a quiet old horse, and soon has him able to canter—the trot is a pace abhorred by the average bush horseman, who calls it 'working a passage;' and his delight and exultation at mastering that accomplishment are generally so intense that they invariably induce him to give up his steady-going old hack in contempt, and, spite of all advice, take a fancy for something younger and 'flashier,' much to his subsequent discomfiture and frequent acquaintance with mother earth.

At the end of a couple of years or so, our new-comer has had, to use a colonialism, 'most of his rough knots smoothed off;' and he is, or should be, not only capable of doing work himself, but knowing when it is correctly done by others; he should be able to calculate the cubic contents of any excavation, say, a tank and roadway, no such easy matter, if, as sometimes happens, they are of very unequal dimensions—and one that his Colenso remembrances will not help him much with; he should be able to 'race' a flock of sheep; superintend the erection of new lines of fencing, &c.; and above all, to feel a pleasure and interest in everything that concerns the prosperity of the establishment of which he forms part.

It may be thought that in this somewhat discursive paper rather too much stress has been laid on the necessity for possessing some sort of an introduction on the part of the intending jackaroo to pastoral society. Such, however, is really not the case. Certainly, if the experience-gainer be wealthy, or have the command of wealth, that alters affairs altogether; but it is not of that class that I have been writing, but

of young men of limited means; and these last will, without some such open sesame, however slight, find it curiously difficult to enter within the pale of 'jackaroodom.'

A RAILWAY JOURNEY AND ITS RESULTS.

SEVERAL years have passed away since I found myself set down, one summer evening, beneath the portico of the crowded and bustling terminus at King's Cross, an intending traveller by night-mail to Scotland, whither I was bound on a visit to my old friend Charlie Montgomerie, at the time commanding a regiment quartered in a northern barrack. Long years before, in days when the dawn of life still shone brightly, and the world lay, a distant and sun-gilt prospect, before us, we two had sworn firm friendship beneath the shadow of the old school buildings at Eton; nor, though we were early separated, had the compact then entered into been broken. Years, oceans, continents had often and long divided us; and though, soon after quitting Cambridge, I had been so fortunate as to pick up business at the bar, which by degrees increased so that, at the period of my northern visit, I was a hard-worked if not successful barrister, friendship between us had ever been maintained as cordially as widely severed paths in life permitted. One element, as the cynical may be disposed to think, was at anyrate in our favour, in that we were both unmarried; nor, so far at least as he had seen fit to confide in me, had my friend, though no misogynist, ever contemplated adding to his increasing responsibilities by taking to himself a wife.

The scene at the station that evening was sufficiently animated—motley and excited groups of English travellers hurrying hither and thither amid the hustle and bustle, rush and crush, of the train's approaching departure; for it was about the period of the great annual migration to the north. These were the dark days of the pre-smoking-carriage era; and unwilling to forego the accustomed solace of an after-dinner cigar, I secured, as I fondly hoped, though it were through the forbidden agency of a modest tip, the luxurious solitude of a first-class compartment. Having snugly ensconced myself in a corner of the carriage, I sat impatiently awaiting the shrill whistle of departure and the shout of 'Right away,' when I might safely light up. At that moment the door was suddenly flung open, and a lady rushed headlong, rather than stepped, into the carriage. Opportunity for adieus there was none; and the new arrival had barely time to beg her friends upon the platform to say 'Good-bye for her to Willie,' ere the train glided smoothly and swiftly from the station. Here, at anyrate, is an end to my carefully arranged plans, was the reflection with which I regretfully laid aside the now useless source of anticipated enjoyment on the narrow sill of the little window at my elbow, regarding the while as narrowly as I dared, yet stealthily withal, the living veto which had thus in a moment frustrated my selfish preparations. Nor was I able to deny that the result of my reconnaissance was such as to furnish a measure, at anyrate, of consolation for

the failure of my deep-laid schemes. My companion, no longer in the *première jeunesse*, it is true, was yet fair to look upon; and as we by-and-by drifted imperceptibly into conversation, I was no less quick to discover that a winsome charm of manner was added to more obvious attractions.

'Surely you had been intending to smoke,' she remarked after a while; 'if so, pray, do not allow my unceremonious intrusion to deprive you of the enjoyment of a cigar: you won't inconvenience me in the slightest degree; indeed, I generally join my brother and any friends who may be with us after dinner in the smoking-room.'

Permission thus graciously accorded, I lighted my cigar, and conversation by degrees dropped into grooves somewhat hackneyed: the beauties of the expiring season, the latest opera, anticipations of the forthcoming Goodwood, finally turning upon the probable designs of the French Emperor, whose then recent Italian campaign was by many viewed as a prelude to hostile demonstrations against ourselves.

'Have you seen much of the Continent?' I asked, prompted in my inquiry by the interest which my fair companion manifested in the war-like topics we had just been discussing.

'O yes,' was the reply. 'I've travelled a great deal, not merely over the beaten track of tourists, but having stayed with friends whose husbands have been quartered in the Mediterranean, I have visited both Malta and Gibraltar, enjoyed runs with the Calpe hounds, mingled fully in the joys of Valetta, danced at the convent at Gib., as well as at many a regimental ball in the magnificent old palaces of the Knights of Malta.'

'Oddly enough,' I remarked, 'I am just now on my way to visit my very oldest friend, who, some few years ago, shortly after the war, was quartered at both those stations.'—

'And you,' hastily interrupted my companion, in seeming disregard of the object of my journey or its destination—'and you will surely wonder what brings me here, travelling by night alone, and intruding so unjustifiably upon your carefully prepared solitude.—The fact is, however,' she continued, 'I've been somewhat hastily summoned into Yorkshire. I live with my brother near Ascot; and it was during his absence from home, only late this afternoon, that I received a telegram from my sister begging me to lose not a moment in coming to her. I hurried as fast as I could to town—after all, barely catching the train for the north, as you just now saw.'

As night wore on, conversation between us grew more and more spasmodic, and I believe we had both succumbed to the influence of the drowsy god ere the train arrived at the station where my fair travelling acquaintance was to alight. As we drew up to the platform, I hastened to offer my services in the collection of her wraps and those manifold *impedimenta* without which no lady believes that she is thoroughly equipped for travelling, and we parted with kindly expressions of regret, begotten of an unexpected yet not wholly uncongenial companionship.

Left to myself, I fell to ruminating on the strange and unaccountable ways in which people

are sometimes thrown together, and as suddenly wrenched asunder, on their way through the world, and to speculating how chance acquaintance, with opportunity for development, might ripen into a warm friendship; and then it crossed my mind how accidental meetings, such as I had just chanced upon, resembled nothing so much as an exchange of numbers between passing vessels on the open ocean, each going her way and remembering the other no more.

The sun was some time risen upon the earth, when I awoke to find myself no great distance from the town in which my old friend was quartered, where I was speedily made welcome in the barracks of his regiment, and a participant in the genial hospitalities of its well-ordered mess. Amid the agreeable novelty of my surroundings, and in the enjoyment of Montgomerie's society, time passed only too rapidly away. There was indeed much to diversify the confined and monotonous existence of a hard-working barrister just emancipated from the musty atmosphere of law-courts and the study of interminable cases. The glorious panorama which the ramparts unfolded to my ever-admiring gaze—the picturesque Forth winding like the silvery folds of some gigantic serpent through the widespread and richly cultivated plain—was in itself enough to infuse new life and energy into a weary denizen of the dust-laden metropolis. Far away eastward, shrouded in the gray-green distance, lay the Pentlands and the Lammermoors; while mountain peaks and ranges towering heavenward in bewildering profusion, closed the western horizon. Nor was the constant and orderly revolution of the military machine, monotonous perchance to those more familiar with its daily pulsations, much less calculated to fascinate and delight a civilian's unaccustomed eye. But neither the charm of nature in her daintiest and most alluring garb, nor the brisk and animated soldier-society, in any measure rivalled the pleasure and gratification I derived from renewed association with Charlie Montgomerie. Nor was it long ere I imparted to him the circumstances of my unexpected adventure, by no means concealing the chagrin with which I at first regarded the invasion of my too assured solitude.

'Strange!' he remarked. 'You say the lady talked of having visited Malta and Gib. I wonder, how long ago? What was she like? Tall or short, blonde or brunette? Plain, you certainly said she was not; and her name you managed somehow or other not to discover. However,' added he, as though careless about pursuing the matter further, 'such lots of girls come out in the winter to stay with friends, especially at Gibraltar, that it would be no easy matter for me, who, as you know, have never been much of a hand with the fair, to identify her, especially as it is more than probable that I never set eyes on her at all.'

One evening, shortly before the day fixed for my departure, Montgomerie and I retired somewhat earlier than usual from mess, and having changed our clothes and disposed ourselves comfortably in the cosiest of easy-chairs in his quarters, prepared for a final gossip over our pipes before turning in. After discussing the probabilities of his obtaining leave to be present at my

intended marriage, which was to take place in town some time the ensuing spring, and respecting which I had at first endured a whole volley of good-natured chaff from the most confirmed of old bachelors, I determined, if possible, to gratify my curiosity on a subject which had never as yet been alluded to between us, and extract from Montgomerie the true version of a story, vague hints concerning which had some few years previously reached my ears.

'Charlie, old fellow,' said I, 'I wish you would tell me about that girl at Gib. some while ago—the girl, I mean, who bolted in a fellow's yacht when you were out there, and afterwards married him and went to India.'

'Why do you ask, Graham?' replied the colonel in tones more stern than was his wont. 'Who told you that the girl or her bolting was any concern of mine? Have any of my fellows been gossiping to you about my affairs?'

'Certainly not,' I was quick to reply, knowing Montgomerie to be, like all good commanding officers, a bit of a Tartar where those under him were concerned. 'The fact is, the story of Miss Trevennen's escapade came to my knowledge in connection with some business transactions in which the man she married—whose name has wholly escaped my memory—was interested; and as the facts struck me at the time as remarkable, I thought it probable you might remember something about them.'

'Remember something about them! I should rather think I did—have too much reason to, in fact,' rejoined my companion carefully relighting his pet meerschaum. 'So now, Graham, as you've asked the question, I'll make a clean breast of it, and give you the entire version of my only love-story.—You may bear in mind that when the army was broken up at Balaklava, the regiment—which old Tarleton then commanded—was ordered to Corfu. The Tarletons had always been great friends of mine; and when the colonel set up house again and Mrs Tarleton came out from England, our friendship was resumed, and I was often asked to dine. By-and-by we were moved to Malta, and there it was that my unfortunate acquaintance with Maud Trevennen commenced. She came out to stay with Mrs Tarleton, and naturally I saw a great deal of her. There were of course the usual objects of interest for a stranger to visit, provocative of riding-parties in the cool winter months; and ere long it became a sort of understood thing that my place was at Miss Trevennen's side, and that I should act cicerone in introducing to her the many lions of the island. Every evening, except Sunday and Friday, there was the opera, where I well remember how a youthful and ambitious prima-donna, dreaming of future triumphs and future gains at St Petersburg and Milan, would occasionally entrance an admiring audience by lilting old ballads in her charmingly broken English; and I became, as a matter of course, a regular visitor to the colonel's box. In addition to opportunities such as these, there were, of course, parties at Government House; afternoons on board ship, with music and dancing amid big guns, under canopies of bunting; and balls at the various messes; so that, in one way or another, it came about that hardly a day passed throughout the winter without our

meeting once, and sometimes oftener. Thus the cool season passed away, and it became time for all who would avoid the torrid heats and varied discomforts of Valetta to quit the isle where, according to classic fable, Calypso welcomed the son of Ulysses to her court, and betake themselves to the more salubrious climate of their native land'—

'But why on earth,' I interrupted impatiently, 'did you not propose to Miss Trevennen, Montgomerie, when, by your own showing, you had been constantly about her during the whole of a Malta season?'

'Now, don't go off at score, old fellow; be patient, and you shall hear the whole story. You appear to forget,' continued my friend, settling himself anew in his easy-chair, 'that my uncle was still living, so that at the time I had nothing beyond my captain's pay and the allowance he was ever so good as to make me, which, though amply sufficient to meet a bachelor's requirements, did not, as I considered, warrant me in proposing to a girl cradled in wealth and luxury, as I believed Maud Trevennen to have been. Well, at the commencement of the following winter, and, as I honestly believe, with a view to furthering what she deemed my best interests, Mrs Tarleton once more invited the young lady to visit her. Meantime, we had moved on to Gib., and among other changes, headquarters had been joined by one of our captains from the dépôt, for whom, I must honestly confess, I had never felt much warmth of friendship, Seymour by name'—

'Seymour!' I exclaimed. 'Why, that was the man's name I was just trying to remember.'

'Now, Seymour,' resumed Montgomerie, 'if not possessed of the wealth of Ormuz and of Ind, was nevertheless a very Cressus in the eyes of his brother-officers; and though a votary of loo overmuch, and games wherein success turned on the hazard of a die, bore impressed on surroundings, such as a luxuriously furnished sea-going yacht, and a stud of hunters fit to go with any reasonably accessible pack, the undeniable hallmark of much ready-money. From the moment of their introduction, it was evident to all beholders that Seymour would spare no pains to ingratiate himself with Miss Trevennen; and to me there appeared no honest course but to resign such pretensions as I might have had, in favour of my better endowed rival.

'So passed the winter and spring; and as summer approached, it was arranged that the young lady was to return to England, while Seymour applied for leave of absence to pursue the suit which—so ran the gossip of the Rock—he had even now not hopelessly urged. Such was the state of affairs, when, just as I had arranged to join a party about to start for a short tour on the Spanish side of the lines, I heard of my uncle's death and my altered fortunes. Now my lips need no longer be sealed; free course might be yielded to long pent-up feelings; and, once returned, I meant to risk my fate. Judge, then, the speechless horror with which, on rejoining, I received the stunning intelligence that Maud Trevennen had left for England, as was supposed, with Seymour—whose leave was just granted—on board his yacht. Such details as I heard of the affair were told me by Mrs

Tarleton. Seymour and Miss Trevennen were married on arriving in England, where he effected an exchange into a regiment in India. For myself, I learned by degrees that

Gnarling sorrow hath less power to bite
The man that mocks at it and sets it light.

Even on the Rock, a scandal so piquant at length dwarfed into a nine days' wonder; and as, shortly afterwards, Tarleton resigned the command, and the regiment was ordered to Ireland, I began to find, amid new scenes and associations, a relief from my thoughts.

So ended the Colonel's story. As for myself, something like a year and a half of steady and not wholly unrequited labour passed by ere I was destined once again to be brought in contact with the concerns of Mrs Seymour. It appeared, indeed, that her marriage had never been a happy one; nor, when the circumstances attending it are considered, is there ground to marvel at such a result. I learned in the course of certain investigations which it became necessary for me to make, that the lady had been beguiled on board his yacht by Captain Seymour, as one of an afternoon sailing-party, which, however, never came off; that under pretence of cruising on and off, awaiting the advent of Mrs Tarleton—who had been detained at home by a carefully planned scheme of Seymour's—the yacht's course was finally laid for home; and that, on arrival, little difficulty was found in persuading the lady's stepfather to agree to a speedy marriage. Whatever objections she herself might have raised—of which a previous attachment was stated to have been by no means the least—were overpowered by the unfortunate position into which she had been inveigled, and the lack of support accorded at the hands of her friends. The marriage accordingly took place, and the parties sailed for India. Seymour's gambling habits obtained a firmer hold upon him, and, after a while, he sold his commission, and took to tea-planting in the hills about Darjeeling. Meanwhile, Mrs Seymour's health obliged her to return to England; and the ill-assorted union was shortly afterwards dissolved by the unexpected death of the man to whose fiendish craft its accomplishment was originally due.

Here, then, beyond peradventure, was the heroine of Montgomerie's love-story. Prompted at least as much by curiosity as by zeal in the service of a client, I deemed it necessary that a personal interview with Mrs Seymour was essential to the more perfect understanding of the circumstances submitted for my opinion. Need I describe my unfeigned astonishment when, on the lady acceding to my request, the fair companion of my journey to Scotland was suddenly ushered into my presence! The sequel hangs well together. My wife lost little time in calling upon Mrs Seymour, who, consequent upon her brother's marriage, had quitted Ascot, and was living near at hand in South Kensington; nor was it long ere Montgomerie, who constantly looked us up when in town from Aldershot, and had heard the full details of her misfortune, happened to drop in and dine when the whilom lady of his love completed a *partie carrée*.

My wife has just assured me that anything more delicious than the harmonies in heliotrope, fancies in fawn, arrangements in azure, and miracles in mauve, comprised in the trousseau of Maud Seymour, it would be beyond her power to describe.

PRESERVED PROVISIONS.

BY AN ANALYTICAL CHEMIST.

IN time of war, or expected active military operations, there is always an extraordinary demand for this class of provisions, and the markets are thoroughly searched for that kind which possesses the properties of keeping for a great length of time, of occupying a small space, of being easily made eatable when required, and admitting of cheap and ready transport.

For many years, the manufacture of preserved meats has been an important branch of industry in the United States; and so largely are these meats used at the present time in that country, that the legislature felt bound to protect the consumers from dangers arising out of carelessness on the part of manufacturers. Within recent years, Australia and New Zealand have given special attention to the preparation of these meats; and colonial produce, on account of its excellence, is steadily ascending the ladder of public estimation. In this country, tinned meats are prepared on a small scale as compared with the countries above named.

Meat intended for preservation in tins should be of the very finest quality, and should not be, as is too often the practice of unscrupulous persons, of a kind that is not readily saleable in the home market. Any one who has an opportunity of examining a good sample of colonial produce will not fail to be struck with the high quality of the meat used. Preserved provisions are almost a necessity in our modern way of living. Men of the present day are not content to live as their forefathers have done; bigger tasks are undertaken, and comparative comfort is enjoyed in the matter of food by those whom circumstances force into places remote from the chastening touches of civilisation. Armed with a few tins of preserved food sufficient for a week's rations, the tourist or explorer hesitates not to climb the lone and uninhabited mountain, but cheerfully contemplates the prospect of having a dinner on the top; while on the smaller scale the busy City man bustles about all day with no time to spare for his dinner, relying for the necessary strength on possibly the small box of meat-lozenges which he carries in the pocket of his vest. Under circumstances such as these, preserved foods are invaluable, and almost indispensable; but it need scarcely be urged that where the same substances are readily obtainable in their natural condition, it is not advisable to have recourse to food in a preserved state.

The preserved foods now in the market consist of vegetables alone, meat alone, or a mixture of both, or fruit alone. It is well known to most persons that water is the chief constituent of vegetables in a natural state; that in a moist condition all substances decompose more rapidly, once decomposition begins; and that vegetables do not suffer much by the artificial abstraction

of water, but readily absorb it again when boiled with it. Now, as water is procurable in most parts of the globe, a great saving in carriage is effected by removing the seventy-five per cent. (or more) of water which vegetables contain. It was therefore a very natural and wise idea to desiccate vegetables and transport them in that condition. Almost all the common vegetables are now so treated—potatoes, carrots, turnips, and such like. We have recently examined samples of desiccated potato which were very carefully prepared, palatable when cooked, and nutritious. They contained not quite eight per cent. of water. A mixture of vegetables for use in making Julienne Soup is also prepared. We have recently examined samples of vegetables consisting of carrots, turnips, potatoes, &c., flavoured with dried herbs, which were really delicious when cooked, and in no way inferior to ordinary vegetables. In these mixtures it is desirable that there should be a large proportion of carrots, to neutralise the tendency to acidity of the potato and the turnip, and the whole of the vegetables cut small.

Preserved jams and marmalades are also important as an article of diet in this country. These are preserved in sugar, and in this way we are able to obtain a supply of fruit all the year round, as well as to partake of foreign fruits which otherwise could not reach this country in a state fit for food. These when carefully prepared with sufficient sugar and stored in glazed stoneware jars, will keep for any length of time.

Pickles are vegetables or fruits preserved in vinegar or other liquid. They seldom deteriorate if kept in jars or glass vessels; but if stored in wooden kegs are liable to blacken through the action of the acid on the iron of the hoops.

The most important of all these preserved foods is meat. We can obtain boiled or roast beef, boiled mutton, sausage, fowl, or corned beef. It is a fact worth mentioning that the latter does not keep so well as fresh beef boiled in the tins and sealed hermetically. As was above stated, our Australian and New Zealand meats cannot be surpassed by any in the market; but owing to the shape of the tins used by the colonists, the larger part of the Nile expedition order was given to America. Round tins cannot be so economically stored as four-sided ones; and it is to be hoped that our colonial friends will be better prepared in the future. No sound argument can be urged in favour of cylindrical tins, and it is probable that before long they will go out of use altogether.

Sausages cannot be recommended for keeping a long time.

There is scarcely one of these preparations which meets with such general favour as does extract of meat or essence of beef; but their value can only be determined by analysis; and it is hardly necessary to say that, like many other articles of food now sold, many comparatively worthless samples find their way into the market.

The lozenges above referred to consist of gelatine and extract of meat. They are invaluable to persons absent for any length of time from places where food is obtainable, as in the hunting-field, or at prolonged meetings, or such like. When *cuca* is more commonly known, it may,

owing to its extraordinary sustaining powers, prove a rival to meat-lozenges.

There is another class of provisions consisting of a mixture of meat and vegetables of many different kinds. Some consist of a mixture of beef, bacon, fat, carrots, turnips, potatoes, pickles, separately cooked; then placed in the tin and sealed, gravy being first poured over the contents. The intention of this mixture seems to be to provide a complete dinner in each tin. The preparation is, in our opinion, objectionable, for not only do such provisions not keep so well, but the large percentage of moisture they contain is an avoidable addition to the cost of carriage.

'Erbswurst' is another mixture of meat and vegetables consisting of peameal, fat, and occasionally a little extract of meat or meat-fibre. Packed in cylindrical tins about three inches long by an inch and a half in diameter, it makes a palatable and highly nutritious soup when boiled in water. The pea, however, is so heating, that it cannot be employed as the sole food for any great length of time.

'Edwards' Desiccated Soup' is another mixture of vegetables (potatoes) and meat. The potatoes are desiccated in a special manner, and are mixed with a small quantity of extract of meat. The preparation can be eaten in the dry state like biscuits, if water for cooking is not procurable. A one-pound tin is said to be sufficient food for a hard-worked man for two or three days. As an article of food it is, however, inferior to Erbswurst.

Most of these preparations are in a fairly compact form, but not sufficiently so for use in time of war, when they are most largely used. During the Franco-German war, a mixture of vegetables and meat, resembling Erbswurst, compressed into tablets was found very convenient and serviceable. Strange to say, such tablets are unknown in our markets, although they are possessed of so many advantages. These tablets occupy less room than any other form in which these preparations are now made in this country, and are particularly sought after whenever a demand for a large supply of preserved foods arises.

THINGS BETTER LEFT UNSAID.

IN the hurry of speech, and often in our very anxiety to be polite, some of us are liable to occasional slips, which may have the ludicrous effect of putting an entirely different construction upon a sentence than that intended. For instance, upon arriving at your entertainer's house, you say: 'I beg a thousand pardons for coming so late;' and are met by your hostess with the words: 'My dear sir, no pardons are needed; you can never come too late.'

Take another case. At a grand dinner, a very heedless gentleman, who talked a great deal, forgot that his neighbour, a young lady, was unusually tall, and exclaimed: 'I do not like big women!' The lady bit her lip; and the speaker, seeing he had made a blunder, and trying to repair it as gallantly as possible, added: 'When they are young, madam!'

At an evening party in Cork, a lady said to her partner: 'Can you tell me who that exceedingly plain man is sitting opposite to us?'—'That is my brother.'—'Oh, I beg your pardon,' she replied, much confused; 'I had not noticed the resemblance.'

That was certainly putting one's foot in it, and yet was perhaps not so awkward as this. 'Do you see that gentleman over there, the handsome fellow twisting his moustache?' said one woman to another, to whom she had just been introduced. 'He has been watching me all the evening, and making eyes at me. I think he must be smitten. Do you know who he is?'—'Yes; he is my husband.'

In *Dombey and Son*, Mr Toots's modest, 'It's of no consequence,' has its counterpart in real life. Said a gentleman to his friend on his leaving the house after paying his first visit: 'Well, good evening, Mr Blank; shall be very pleased to see you at any time.'—Mr Blank nervously: 'Oh, pray, don't mention it.'

After a certain concert, a well-known German cantatrice asked a gentleman to whom she had been introduced how he liked her duet. 'You sang charmingly, madame. But why did you select such a horrid piece of music?'—'Sir, that was written by my late husband!'—'Ah, yes, of course. I did not mean— But why did you select such a cow to sing with you?'—'*Ach Himmel*, that is my present husband!'

In an equally unenviable situation were some lady visitors going through a penitentiary under the escort of a superintendent. When they came to a room in which three women were sewing—'Dear me!' whispered one of the visitors, 'what vicious-looking creatures! Pray, what are they here for?'—'Because they have no other home. This is our sitting-room, and they are my wife and two daughters,' blandly answered the superintendent.

Mistakes of this kind often occur through people similarly jumping at conclusions. 'What a murderous-looking villain the prisoner is!' whispered an old lady in a courtroom to her husband; 'I'd be afraid to get near him.'—'Sh!' warned her husband; 'that isn't the prisoner; he hasn't been brought in yet.'—'It isn't? Who is it, then?'—'It's the Judge.'

Some people have such a pleasant way of putting things. 'Now, do let me propose you as a member,' says Smith.—'But suppose they blackball me?' replies Brown.—'Pooh! Absurd! Why, my dear fellow, there's not a man in the club that knows you even!'

A lady very desirous of concealing the awful fact that she is the same age as her husband, observed to a visitor: 'My husband is forty; there are just five years between us.'—'Is it possible?' was the unguarded reply of her friend. 'I give you my word, you look as young as he does.'

As unexpected must have been the reply of the husband whose wife said: 'You have never taken me to the cemetery.'—'No, dear,' he

answered; 'that is a pleasure I have yet in anticipation.'

It is related of a portrait-painter that, having recently painted the portrait of a lady, a critic who had just dropped in to see what was going on in the studio, exclaimed: 'It is very nicely painted; but why do you take such an ugly model?'—'It is my mother,' calmly replied the artist.—'Oh, pardon, a thousand times!' from the critic, in great confusion. 'You are right; I ought to have perceived it. She resembles you completely.'

On a similar occasion, a facetious friend inspecting a portrait, said to the artist: 'And this is Tom Smith, is it? Dear, dear! And I remember him, such a handsome, jolly-looking chap a month ago. Dear, dear!'

A rather different meaning from the one conveyed was intended by the old lady who said to her friends: 'No man was better calculated to judge of pork than my poor husband was. He knew what good hogs were, for he had been brought up with 'em from his childhood.'

Much better unsaid would have been part of the address of a collector for charities, who raising his hat to a lady at the front door, began: 'Madam, I am soliciting for home charities. We have hundreds of poor ragged vicious children like those at your gate, and our object is'—'Sir, those children are mine!' and the slamming of the door finished the sentence.

From the following, it would seem that the ceremonious orientals are not above marring their politeness by an occasional speech apropos of the subject in hand. Some European ladies passing through Constantinople, paid a visit to a certain high Turkish functionary. The host offered them refreshments, including a great variety of sweetmeats, always taking care to give one of the ladies double the quantity he gave to the others. Flattered by this marked attention, she put the question, through the interpreter: 'Why do you serve me more liberally than the rest?'—'Because you have a larger mouth,' was the straightforward reply.

What are called 'random shots' of speech often have a peculiar knack of hitting the mark. Not long since, a negro customer entered a barber's shop in Liverpool and said: 'I hope, gentlemen, you don't object to smoking?' The barber, without turning round from his occupation, replied: 'Go on; smoke till you are black in the face.'

A lady said something the other day at a friend's dinner that found mark the archer little meant. There were several strangers present, and in response to a remark made about a certain lady of a certain age, the fair guest in question exclaimed: 'Why, good gracious! she is as old as the hills!'—and could not imagine in the least what had caused the general consternation. She did a little later, however, when it was explained to her that two maiden sisters at the table, whose names she did not catch in the introduction, were called Hill, and were extremely sensitive on the subject of age.

An alderman's wife, overtaken by a heavy shower of rain, took refuge in a shop, and proceeded to make a few purchases. 'You seem very quiet to-day,' she said to a newly engaged shopman, who was very attentive and obliging. 'You are generally so very busy.'—'Oh, gracious,

madam,' was the reply, 'just look at the weather! What respectable lady would venture out of doors on a day like this?'

Similarly ambiguous are some of the speakers in the following incidents. A pompous physician said to a patient's wife: 'Why did you delay sending for me until he was out of his mind?'

—'O doctor,' replied the wife, 'while he was in his right mind he wouldn't let me send for you.'

Another doctor said to his wife: 'You see, dear, I have pulled the patient through after all; a very critical case, I can tell you.'—'Yes, dear hubby,' was the answer; 'but then you are so clever in your profession. Ah, if I had only known you five years earlier! I feel certain my first husband—my poor Robert—would have been saved.'

To turn from doctors to clergymen. One Sunday, as a certain minister was returning homeward, he was accosted by an old woman, who said: 'O sir, well do I like the day that you preach.' The minister was aware that he was not very popular, and he answered: 'My good woman, I am glad to hear it. There are too few like you. And why do you like when I preach?'

—'O sir,' she replied, 'when you preach, I always get a good seat.'

A crooked compliment was paid a German young lady who said: 'Now, Herr Lieutenant, if you don't at once cease your flatteries, I shall have to hold both my ears shut.'—'My adorable Fräulein,' answered the officer, 'your pretty little hands are far too small for that.'

'Very sorry, sir,' said a young beauty at a ball; 'I am already engaged. I hope you are not very disappointed?'—'O dear no, miss; quite the contrary,' was the unexpected reply of the gentleman.

A case of mistaken gallantry occurred in Italy. 'O Signorina,' exclaimed a dandy, 'if it be true that man descends from the monkey, how beautiful that monkey must have been from whom you descend!'

'And what do you think of the engagement-ring I sent you, Jennie?' inquired a lover tenderly. Jennie answered in delighted tones: 'Oh, it is beautiful—in fact the handsomest one I ever had given me.'

At a wedding breakfast, the groom remarked to a little girl: 'You have a new brother now, you know.'—'Yeth,' responded the little one; 'ma seth it wath Lottie's lasth chance, so she'd better take it.'

'Now tell me, Ethel,' said a governess, 'what letter comes after h?'

—'Please, Miss Parker, I don't know.'—'What have I got by the side of my nose?' asked the governess. —'A lot of powder,' was Miss Ethel's startling reply.

'Here, my dear husband,' said a loving wife, 'I have brought you a dear little silver pig for luck; it's a charm you know, dear, to bring happiness to a house.'—'Ah! how kind of you, darling! But why should I need a little pig to bring me luck, when I have you still!'

smart and complimentary upon the event, addressing the bridegroom said: 'Well, you have got the pick of the batch!' The countenances of the four unmarried ones may be imagined.

BLOCKADE-RUNNING.

IN the article on 'Blockades and Blockade-runners,' in our number for June 26, 1886, we alluded to the exploits of a gallant son of the Stewartry of Kirkcudbright, in the recapture from the Federals of his vessel, the *Emily St Pierre*, by himself, his cook and steward. A correspondent, a relative of the hero, gives us some further particulars, gathered from his own lips. His name was William Wilson, and he came of a race of sea-loving ancestors, half farmers, and perhaps smugglers, and half seamen, in many cases owning wholly or partly the vessels they commanded. The exploit alluded to created a sensation at the time; and the merchants of Liverpool were so impressed with his daring, that they presented him with a valuable service of silver-plate, and entertained him at a banquet. The owners presented him with two thousand guineas, and his crew gave him a sextant. It is worthy of note that the remainder of the crew of the vessel had been sent to England by the British consul at New York, and were at the offices of the owners when Captain Wilson entered the door to report his safe return with the vessel they had intrusted to his care. The news of his return spread like wildfire in Liverpool, and somehow it became known that the prize crew, who had been under hatches during the voyage, would be disembarked the next day. Accordingly, amid the derisive cheers of the crowds who lined the quays, the lieutenant and his prizemaster and crew, clad in full uniform, were gracefully handed over the side into their own boat, and proceeded to the American consulate. It is but fair to add they expressed to their involuntary host their warm sense of the kindness with which they had been treated during their imprisonment, and for the special care with which one or two who had been wounded in the scuffle had been tended by the captain's own hand.

During the whole thirty days that elapsed between the recapture and the arrival in Liverpool, Captain Wilson informed the writer he had never closed his eyes for more than five minutes at a time, and when he arrived, his hands were so swollen and blistered with his constant exertions, that he could not sign his name. Altogether, he ran the blockade about fifteen times, and his vessels were never taken into a prize port.

Another strange adventure of his is worth recording. Not long before the incident of the *Emily St Pierre*, he was in command of a large blockade-runner which had safely entered one of the southern ports. He attempted to escape during a fog in the evening; the fog suddenly lifted, and he found he had nothing but a swift pair of heels to rely upon, for a Federal cruiser was within range of him. The Federal fired across his bows, but the captain took no notice beyond putting a little extra weight on the steam

safety-valve. His decks were piled high with cotton, which formed an excellent protection against small-arm fire. The Federal now opened the ball in good earnest, and shell after shell churned the water into foam around, but not one struck her. Just as she was getting out of range, however, a shell penetrated the side and lodged in the boiler, and the vessel was helpless. She had considerable way on her, so, though sinking, she was headed for shore. The Federal ceased firing, and watched the disabled vessel until at last she was beached, half full of water. Captain Wilson and his crew fled to shore, and saw the Federal send off a boat to inspect their capture. Satisfied that the vessel was completely disabled, the Federal steamed off to her station in the assured hope that she had settled Captain Wilson this time. The misfortune, however, did not daunt him. He made his way to a neighbouring plantation, obtained the assistance of a number of the hands, and as soon as the captor was out of sight and the tide had receded, unloaded the bulk of the cotton. With the assistance of a blacksmith, he repaired the hull by riveting iron plates inside and outside the shot-hole and filling the interspace with tar and cotton. The water in the boiler had put out the fuse of the shell; so, extracting his iron visitor, he riveted new plates over the hole, and made, with the assistance of his engineer, a strong if not very presentable repair. The cotton was re-shipped; and in the early gray of the morning, as the Federal captain appeared in the offing to take possession of his prize, he beheld her steaming away to England as if nothing had happened, while a contemptuous salute from Captain Wilson's single gun gave him a forcible idea of the resources of a 'canny Scot' in a corner.

Shortly after the close of the war, he retired to his native Kirkcudbrightshire. But the passion for the sea could not be restrained, and in a short time he was placed in command of a vessel in the Eastern trade. On his return voyage, fever struck him down; and now he sleeps in peace serene, with the salt waves of the Red Sea pealing in his ears the music he loved best of all.

AGNES BROWN.

[Died 14th January 1820, aged eighty-eight; buried in Bolton churchyard, near Haddington.]

The spring birds sing, nor care if no one listen,
The spring flowers open if the sun but shine,
The spring winds wander where the green buds glisten,
Through all the vale of Tyne.

And while, to music of the spring's returning,
Thy fair stream, Gifford, in the sunlight flows,
I, nursing tender thoughts, this sweet March morning,
Stand where the dead repose.

The snowdrop on the grass-green turf is blowing,
Its pure white chalice to the cold earth hung;
The crocus with its heart of fire is glowing
As when old Homer sung.

And round me are the quaint-hewn gravestones, giving,
With emblem rude, by generations read,
Their simple words of warning for the living,
Of promise for the dead.

But not that mausoleum, huge and hoary,
With elegiac marble, telling how
Its long-forgotten great ones died in glory,
Has drawn me hither now.

Ah, no!—With reverence meet, from these I turn:
They had what wealth could bring or love supply,
Like thousands such, who, born as they were born,
Live, have their day, and die.

Let peace be theirs! It is a fairer meed,
A more-enduring halo of renown,
That glorifies this grave, o'er which I read
The name of AGNES BROWN.

A peasant-name, befitting peasant-tongue:
How lives it longer than an autumn moon?
'Twas hers, the Mother of the Bard who sung
The banks and braes of Doon.

Here in this alien ground her ashes lie,
Far from her native haunts on Carrick shore,
Far from where first she felt a mother's joy
O'er the brave child she bore.

Ah, who can tell the thoughts that on her prest,
As o'er his cradle-bed she bent in bliss,
Or gave from the sweet fountains of her breast
The life that nourished his?

Perhaps in prescient vision came to her
Some shadowings of the glory yet afar—
Of that fierce storm, whence rose, serene and clear,
His never-setting star.

But dreamt she ever, as she sang to still
His infant heart in slumber sweet and long,
That he who silent lay the while, should fill
Half the round world with song?

Yet so he filled it; and she lived to see
The Singer, chapleted with laurel, stand,
Upon his lips that wondrous melody
Which thrilled his native land.

She saw, too, when had passed the Singer's breath,
A nation's proud heart throbbing at his name,
Forgetting, in the pitying light of death,
Whatever was of blame.

Oh, may we hope she heard not, even afar,
The screamings of that vulture-brood who tear
The heart from out the dead, and meanly mar
The fame they may not share!

Who would not wish that her long day's decline
Had peacefullest setting, unsuffused with tears,
Who bore to Scotland him, our Bard divine,
Immortal as the years?

He sleeps among the eternal; nothing mars
His rest, nor ever pang to him returns:
Write, too, her epitaph among the stars,
MOTHER OF ROBERT BURNS!

JOHN RUSSELL.

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